

DEFIANT

7

FEBRUARY

\$2.50

\$3.25 CANADA

WARRIORS OF

# PLASM





# HOME IS WHERE THE HURT IS!

## THE DEMONS OF DARKEDGE . PART THREE

BEYOND THE IMAGINARY  
LIMITS OF REALITY...

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 LETTERED BY GEORGE ROBERTS / EDITED BY DEBORAH  
 PURCELL

THE ASSAULT  
ON THE ORG  
GROWS MORE  
FIERCE  
WITH EVERY  
SECOND.

AT THIS RATE  
OUR PRECIOUS  
PLASM  
CANNOT LONG  
SURVIVE!

...S-SO  
MUCH  
PAIN..

YOUR COMMAND CENTER IS FINISHED, MY EMPEROR!

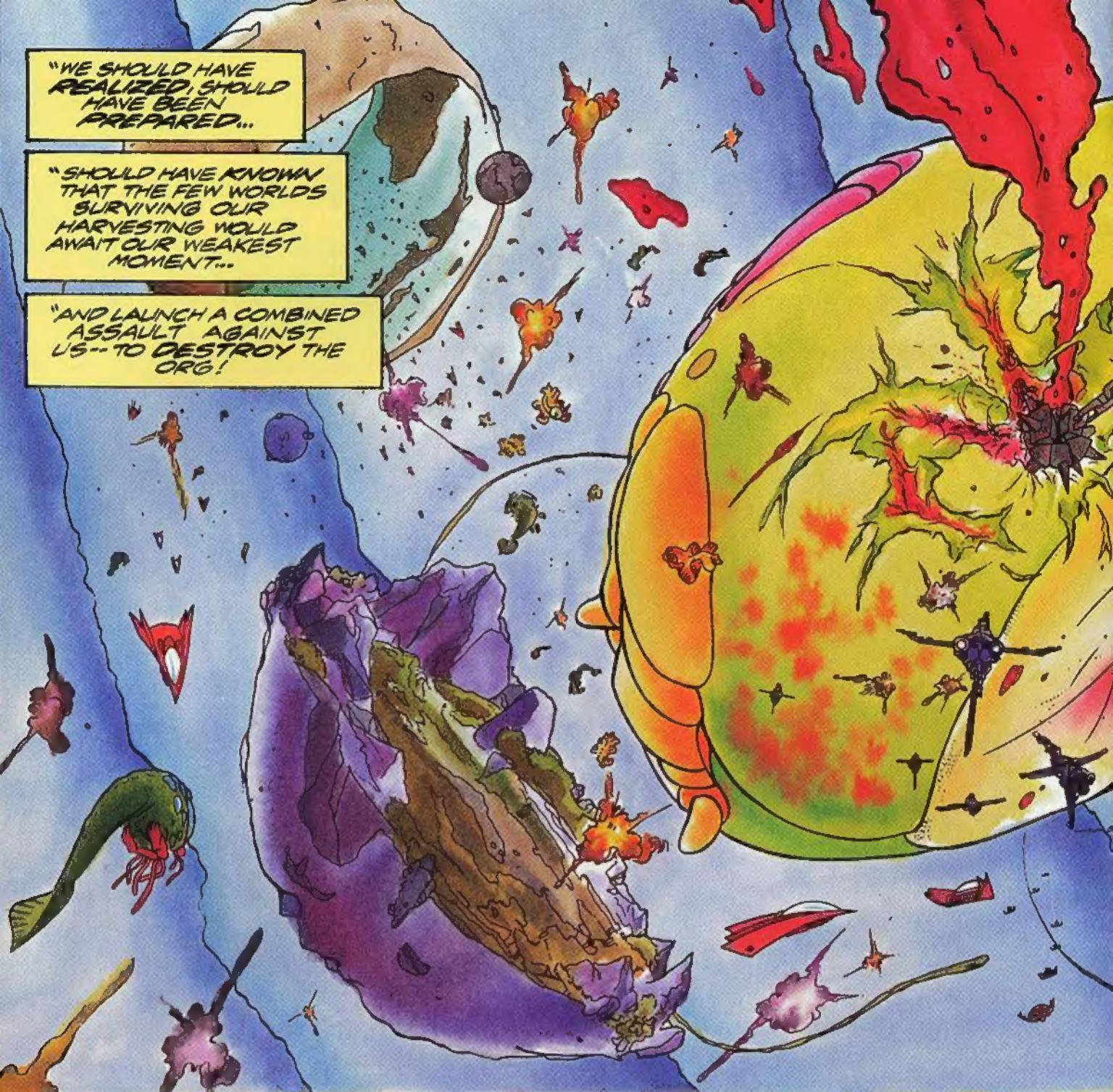
THIS ESOPHAGATE-  
TUNNEL IS OUR  
ONLY CHANCE TO  
TO REACH  
SAFETY!



"WE SHOULD HAVE  
REALIZED, SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
PREPARED..."

"SHOULD HAVE KNOWN  
THAT THE FEW WORLDS  
SURVIVING OUR  
HARVESTING WOULD  
AWAIT OUR WEAKEST  
MOMENT..."

"AND LAUNCH A COMBINED  
ASSAULT AGAINST  
US-- TO DESTROY THE  
ORG!"



THEN **DO**  
SOMETHING,  
GOITEROX!

BUT, MY EMPEROR,  
WE LACK THE  
NECESSARY  
RESOURCES!

**FIND THE  
RESOURCES,  
STRIFELORD!**

MULCH  
UNESSENTIAL  
BUILDINGS...  
DO WHATEVER  
YOU HAVE TO!



"STRAFELORD MAXILLA AND HIS  
ATMOSPHERIC FLEET ARE  
SUFFERING TERRIBLE LOSSES!"

"THEY NEED OUR  
SUPPORT, AND THEY  
NEED IT NOW!"

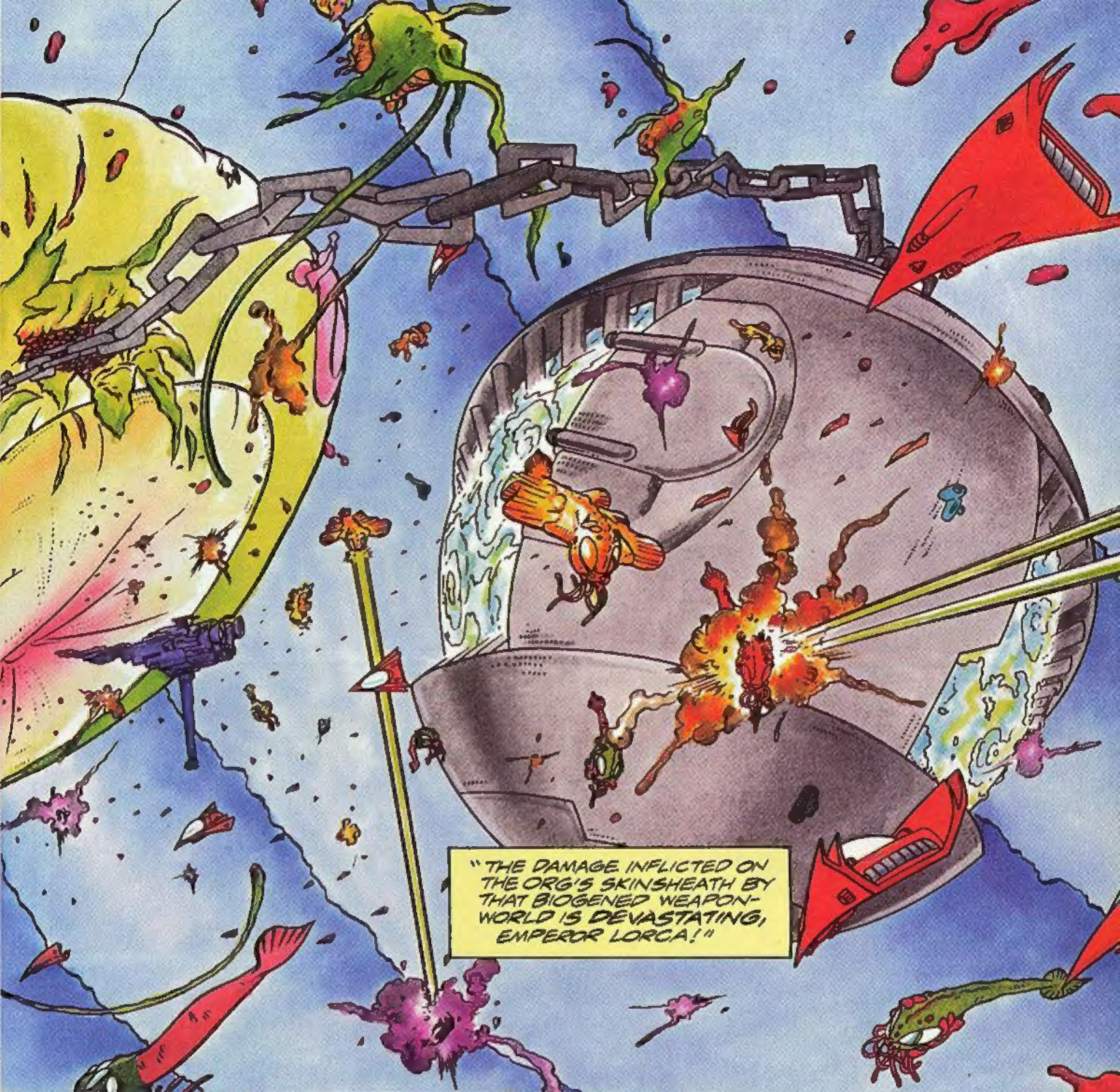


NUDGE, YOU ARE  
IN TOUCH WITH  
THE ORG  
ITSELF.

HOW DOES  
IT FARE?





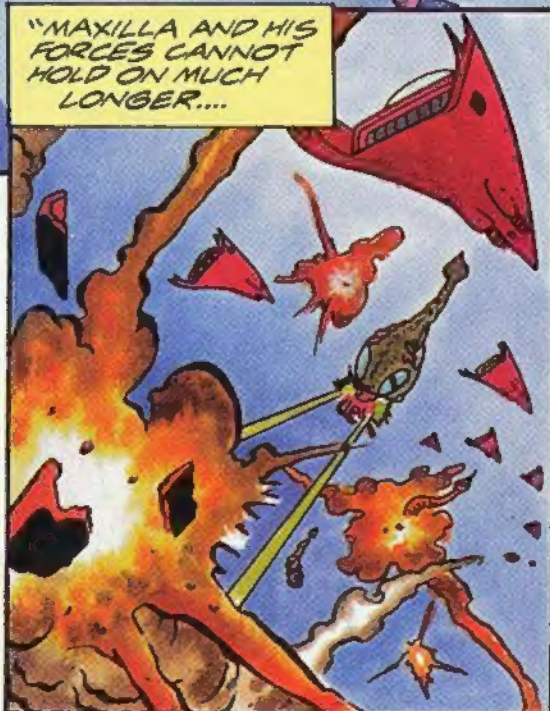


"THE DAMAGE INFLECTED ON THE ORG'S SKINSHEATH BY THAT BIOGENED WEAPON-WORLD IS DEVASTATING, EMPEROR LORCA!"



IT'S IN SUCH PAIN... SUCH AGONY...

THE SCREAMING INSIDE MY HEAD... IT'S ALMOST MORE THAN I CAN BEAR.



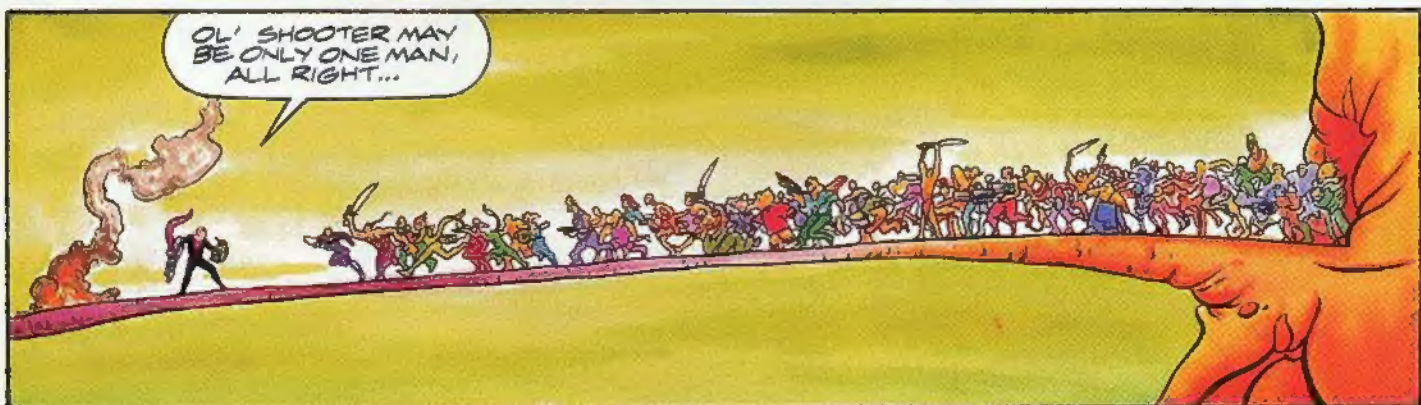
"MAXILLA AND HIS FORCES CANNOT HOLD ON MUCH LONGER...."



NUDGE, I NEED YOU TO LEAD ME TO THE SOURCE OF THE VOICE YOU HEAR....

TAKE ME TO THE HEART OF PLASM!









NEW YORK CITY.  
THE BOWELS  
DEEP BENEATH  
GRAND CENTRAL  
STATION...

LOOK  
AROUND  
YOU,  
EARTHER!

WE ARE THE MOST  
SKILLED DYABLERS  
IN THE ORG OF  
PLASM!

YOU DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAN  
DEFEAT ALL OF US, DO YOU?

BUT HE DOESN'T  
HAVE TO DEFEAT  
ALL OF YOU--

I JUST HAVE TO  
LIGHTBLAST A  
HOLE THROUGH  
YOU!



NOW LET MRS.  
JOHNSON AND  
HER FRIEND  
GO,  
PLASMOID.

DON'T FORCE  
MY HAND.



LET HER GO?  
WHY WOULD  
I DO  
THAT?

I DO BELIEVE  
HOLDING HER  
GIVES ME THE  
UPPER HAND!



SO WHY DON'T YOU  
SURRENDER,  
EARTHER?

MAKE THE MAN CALLED  
CHASM SEND US HOME...

...OR MY  
SLEEPSPINNER  
WILL FEED YOUR  
LADY FRIEND TO  
THE MULCHER!



LOUISE?  
LOUISE,  
LISTEN  
TO ME!

YOU'VE  
GOT TO  
WAKE  
UP.  
WAKE UP,  
DO YOU  
HEAR ME?

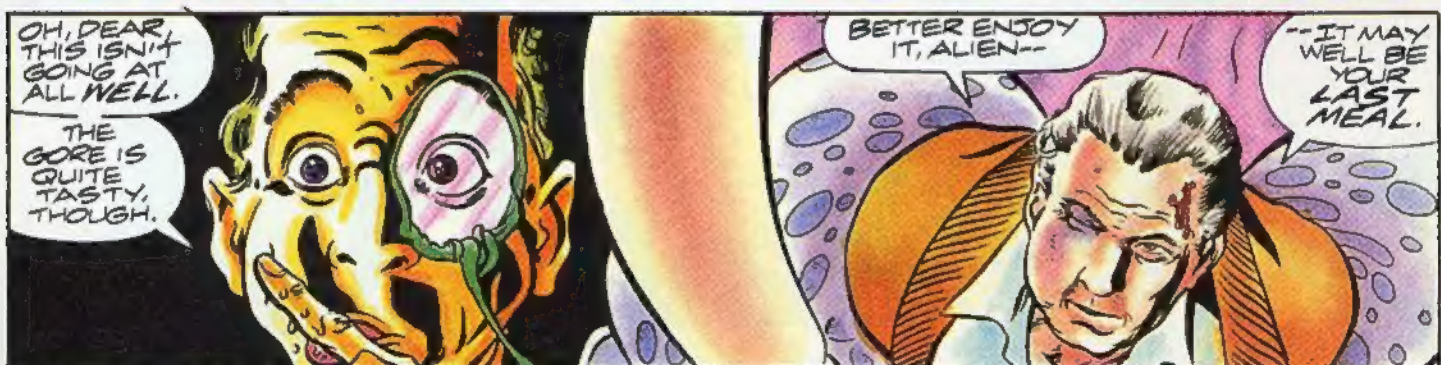
WAKE  
UP!

M-MARTIN...?







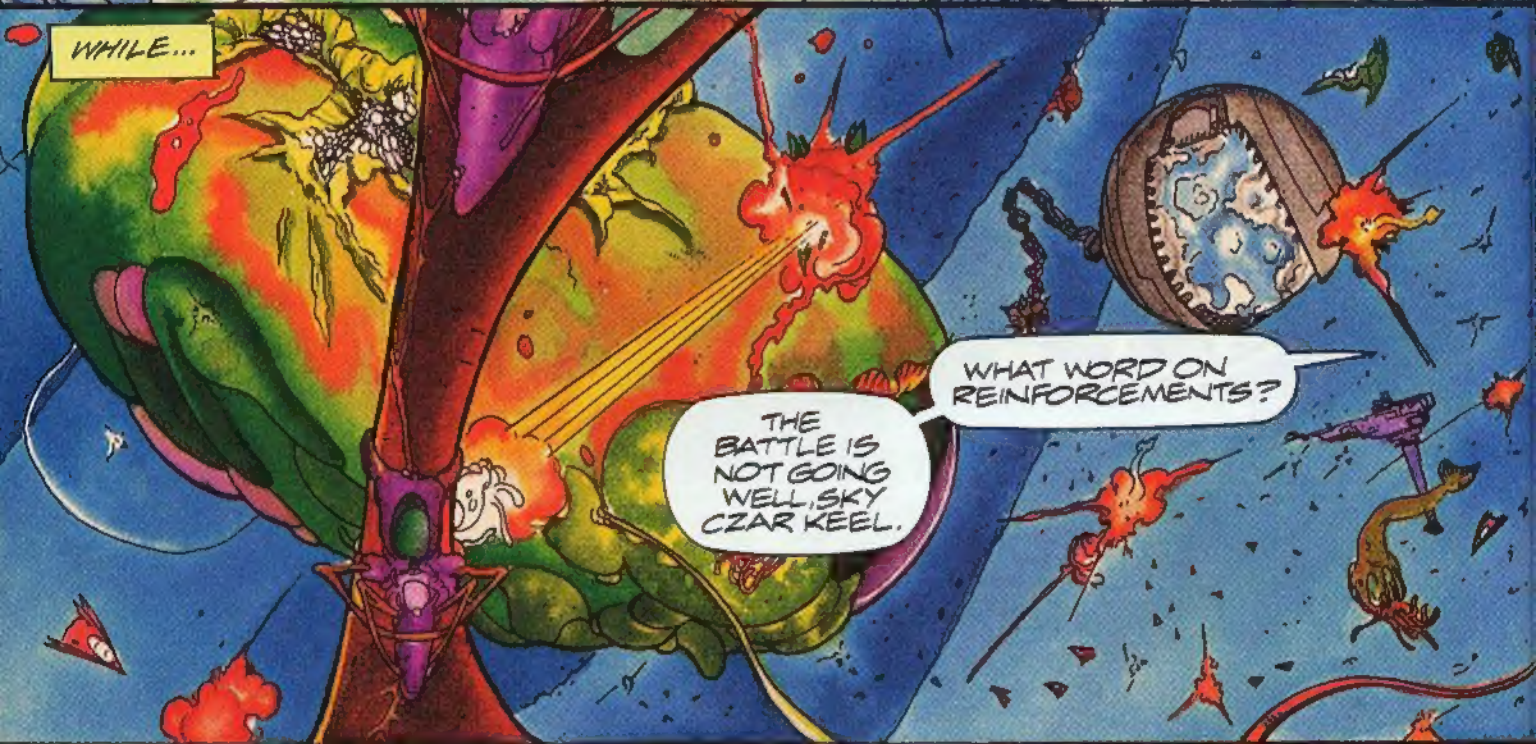






I'VE SPENT  
MY ENTIRE  
LIFE AS A  
MAN OF  
GOD...

... BUT FOR THE  
FIRST TIME,  
I MAY TRULY  
UNDERSTAND  
WHAT HELL  
MUST BE LIKE!



WHILE...

WHAT WORD ON  
REINFORCEMENTS?

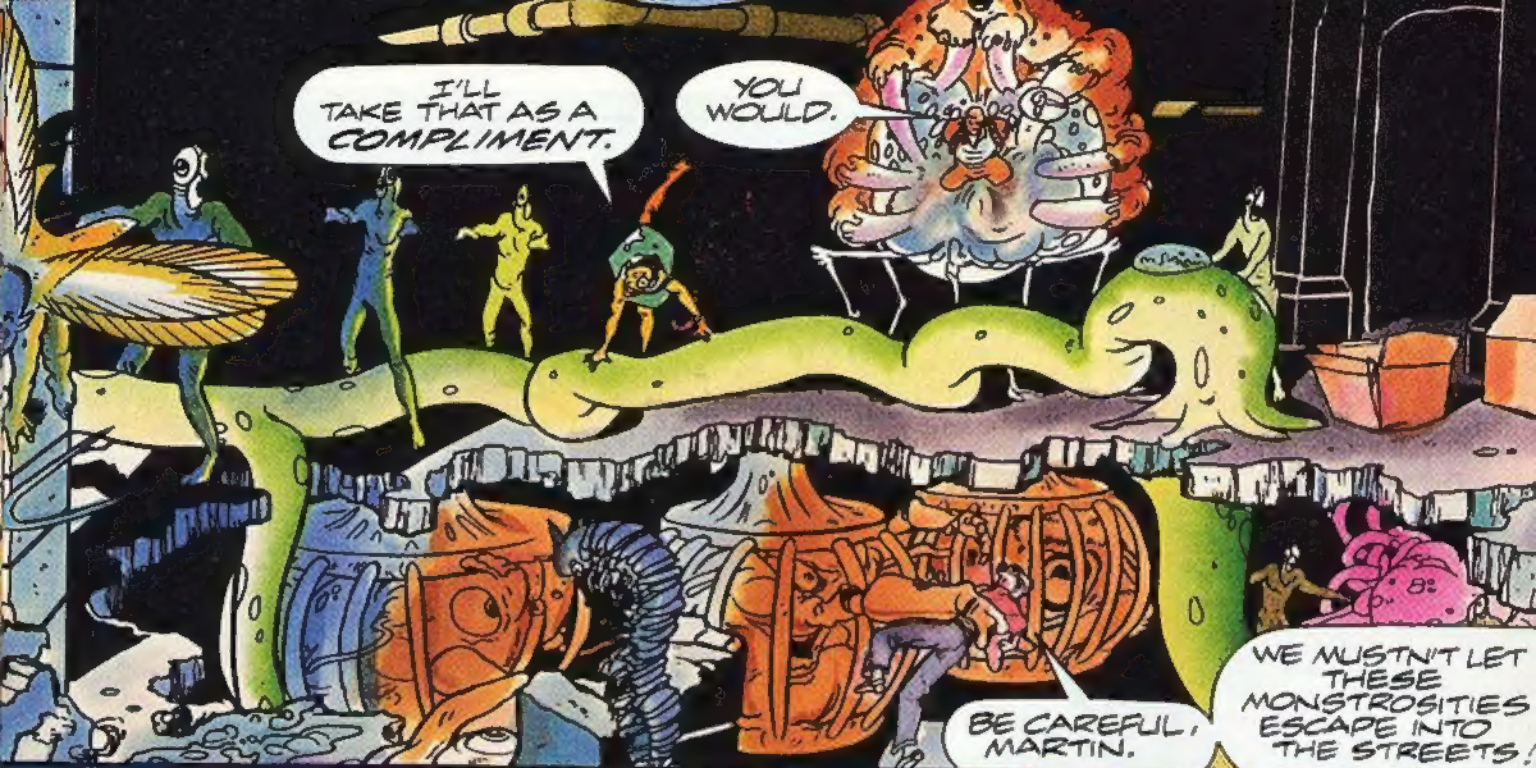
THE  
BATTLE IS  
NOT GOING  
WELL, SKY  
CZAR KEEL.



WHILE...

I'LL GIVE YOU GEEKS  
CREDIT FOR PERSISTENCE,  
IF NOT FOR SMARTS!





I'LL  
TAKE THAT AS A  
COMPLIMENT.

YOU  
WOULD.

BE CAREFUL,  
MARTIN.

WE MUSTN'T LET  
THESE  
MONSTROSITIES  
ESCAPE INTO  
THE STREETS!



IT IS NOT GOOD,  
STRAFELOORD  
MAXILLA.

THEY'RE MULCHING  
THE RAW MATERIALS,  
SKY CZAR...

... BUT GROWING  
NEW SKYSCOURGES  
TAKES TIME.

DID YOU  
HEAR  
THAT,  
MAXILLA?

AND WHAT DO YOU  
SUGGEST BE DONE  
IN THE MEANTIME?

JUST TRY  
TO STAY  
ALIVE.



HOW MANY OF YOU  
DO I HAVE TO **SKRAG**  
BEFORE YOU GET  
THE HINT?

I CAN KEEP  
THIS UP ALL  
DAY IF I HAVE  
TO!

IN FACT, I'D  
LOVE THE  
EXCUSE.



WHILE...

THE VOICE  
YOU HEAR,  
NUDGE...  
DOES IT  
GROW  
LOUDER?

ARE WE  
GETTING  
ANY  
CLOSER?

I STILL  
HEAR IT,  
LORCA.  
IT CALLS  
TO ME...



THE ORG IS IN  
SO MUCH PAIN...

...AND I DON'T  
KNOW HOW TO  
HELP IT....

WHAT  
IS IT  
SAYING  
TO YOU?



IT DOESN'T KNOW WHY  
IT'S BEING MADE TO  
SUFFER SO.

IT'S  
HURT...  
CONFUSED...

...AND IT'S  
GROWING  
ANGRY.

THAT  
IS NOT  
GOOD.



PETITION THE ORG  
TO OPEN A PORE,  
NUDGE...

...AND ALLOW US  
ENTRANCE  
TO ITS CORE.

IT'S  
RELUCTANT,  
LORCA...

...BUT I THINK  
I'M GETTING  
THROUGH  
TO IT.



THERE...  
IT'S DONE.

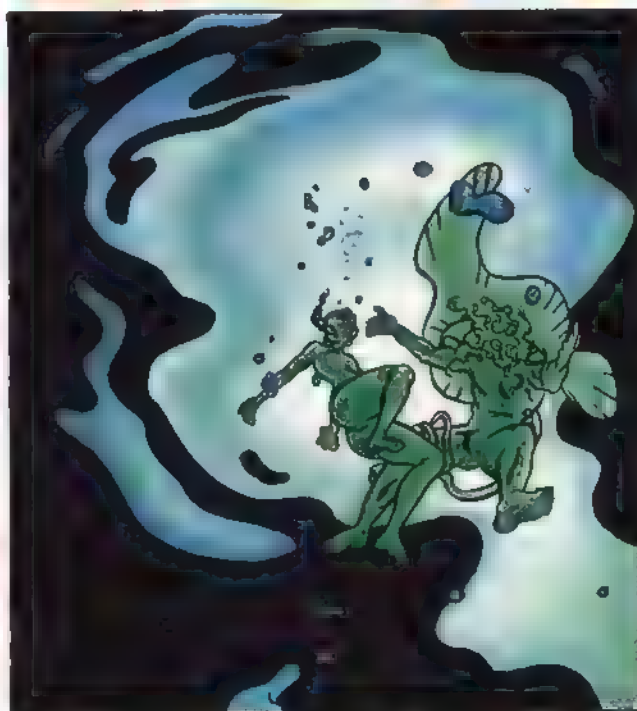
BUT I DOUBT  
IT'LL STAY  
OPEN LONG.



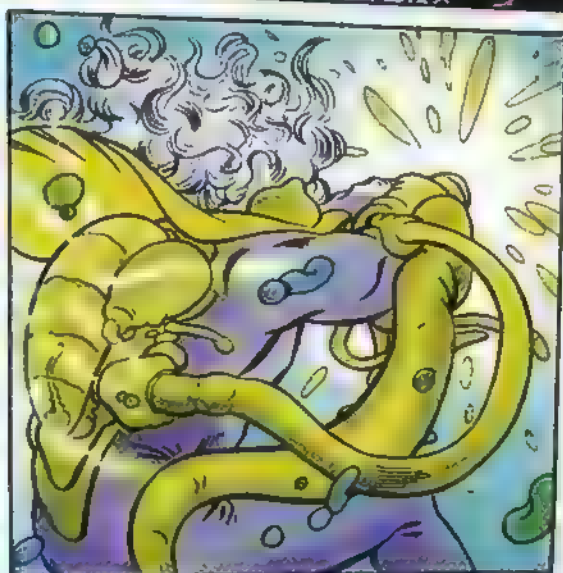
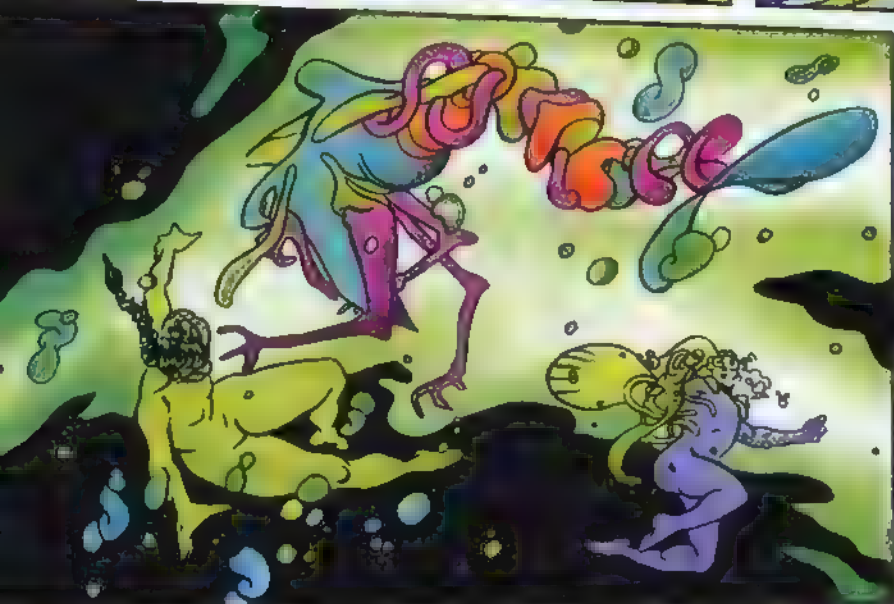
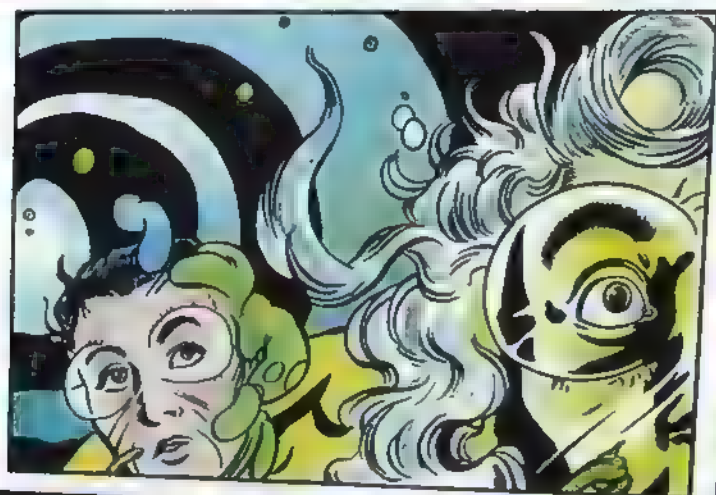
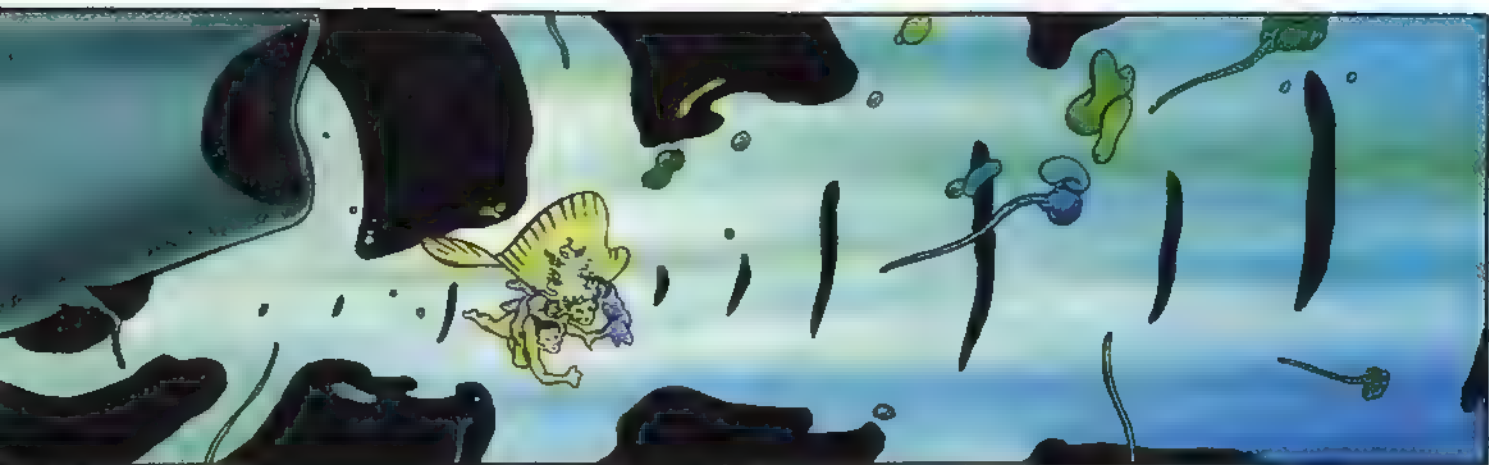
THE MEMBREATHERS  
WE'RE WEARING  
WILL SUSTAIN US  
THROUGH THE FLUID...

...BUT FROM HERE  
ON WE MUST  
COMMUNICATE  
BY GESTURE.

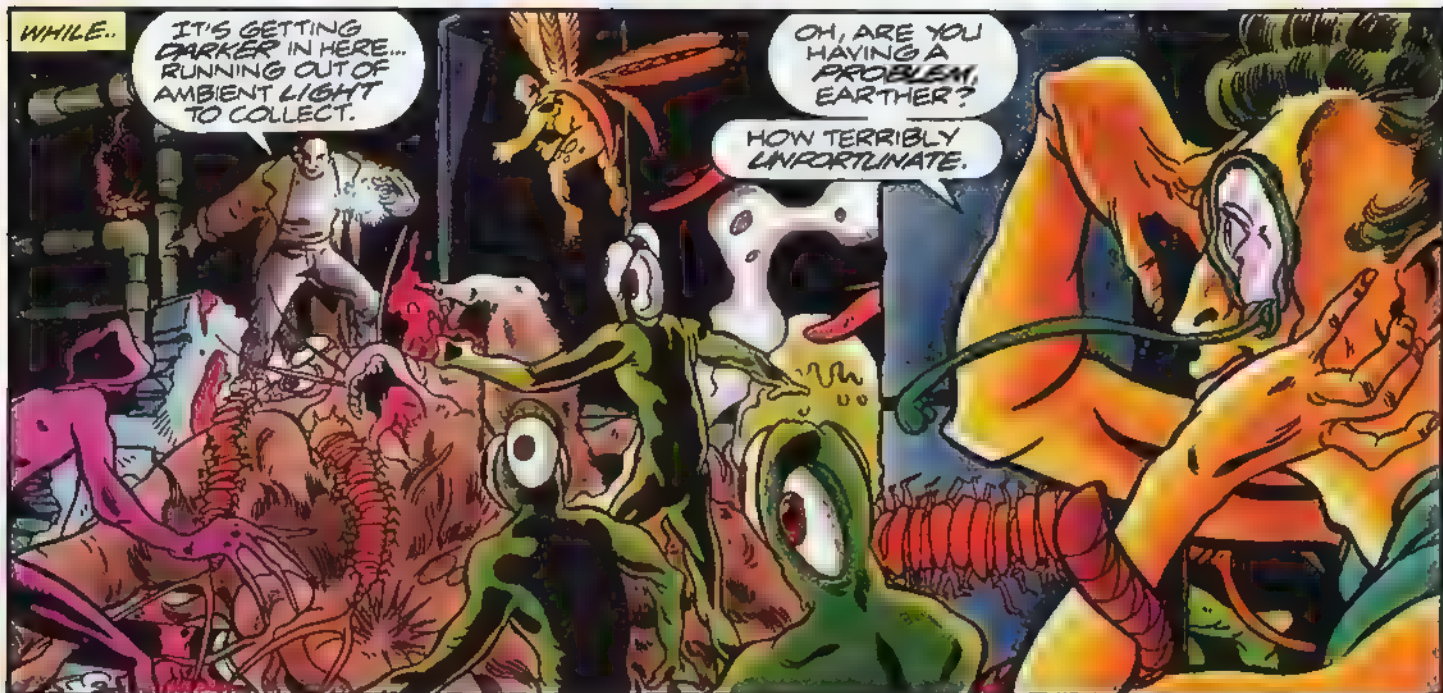
JUST  
HURRY!  
WE'RE  
RUNNING  
OUT OF  
TIME.











WHILE..

IT'S GETTING DARKER IN HERE...  
RUNNING OUT OF AMBIENT LIGHT  
TO COLLECT.

OH, ARE YOU HAVING A  
PROBLEM,  
EARTHER?

HOW TERRIBLY UNFORTUNATE.



DON'T WEEP  
FOR ME  
YET,  
PLASMOID.

I STILL CAN  
TAKE ONE  
FINAL SHOT...

...AND THAT  
OUGHT TO  
BE ENOUGH!

OH, WHAT  
A PITY.  
YOU SEEM  
TO HAVE  
MISSED.

DID I,  
DNABLER?



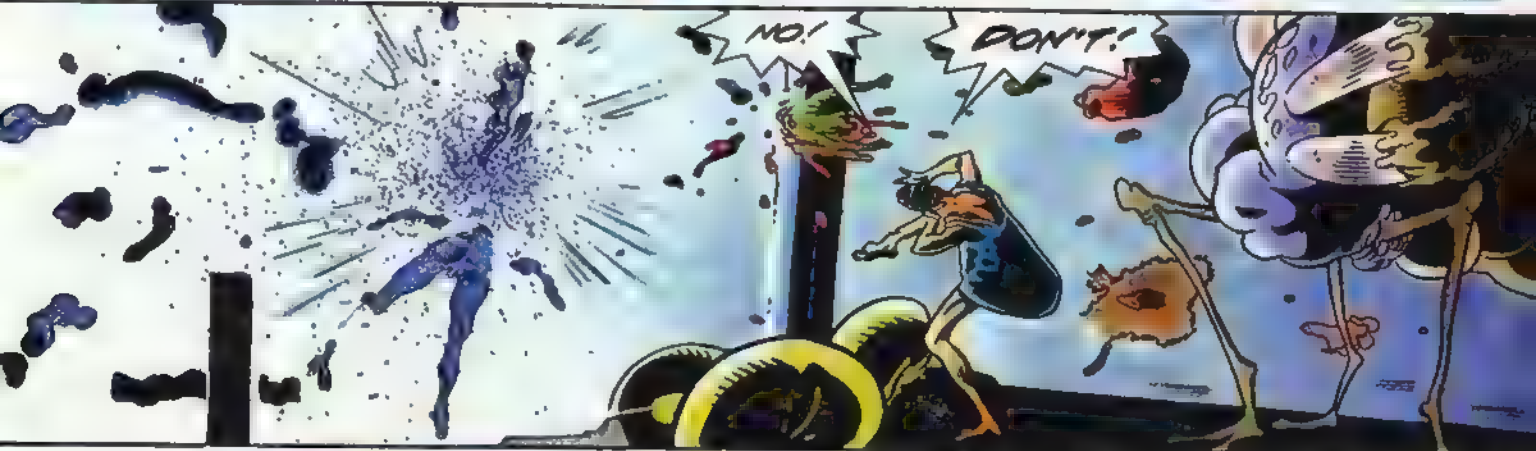
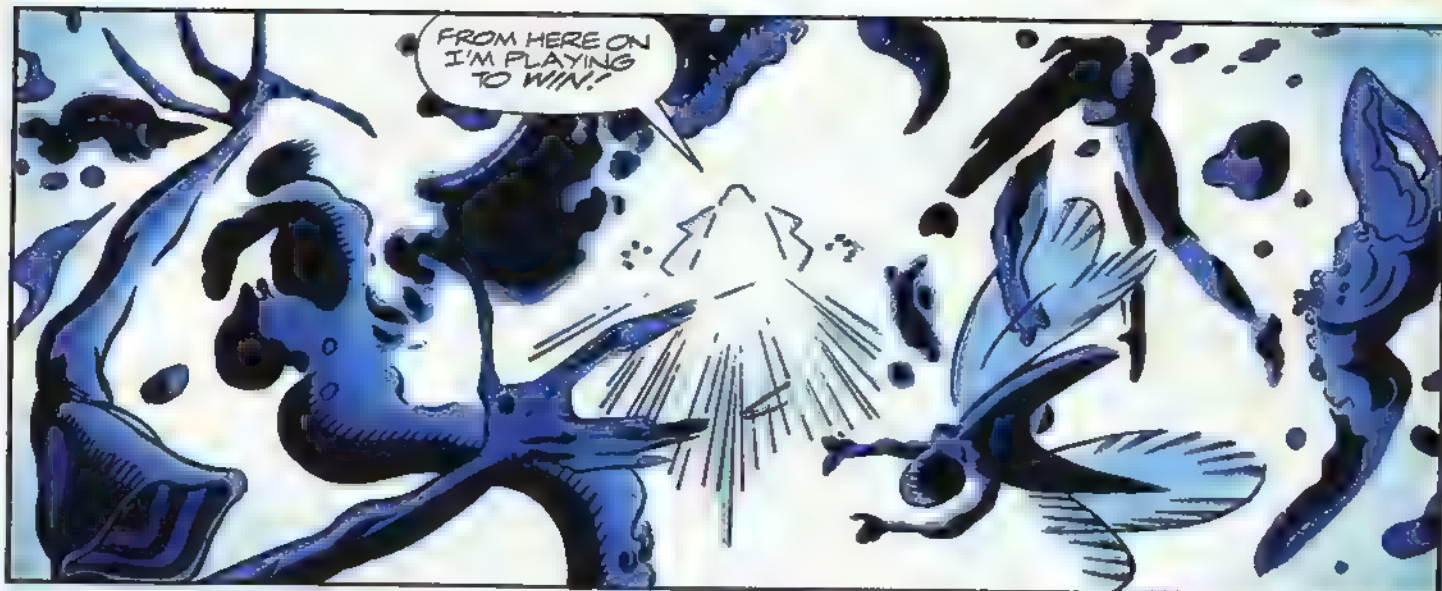
DON'T  
BET  
ON IT!

THAT LASER-SHOT  
WENT STRAIGHT TO  
THE SURFACE...

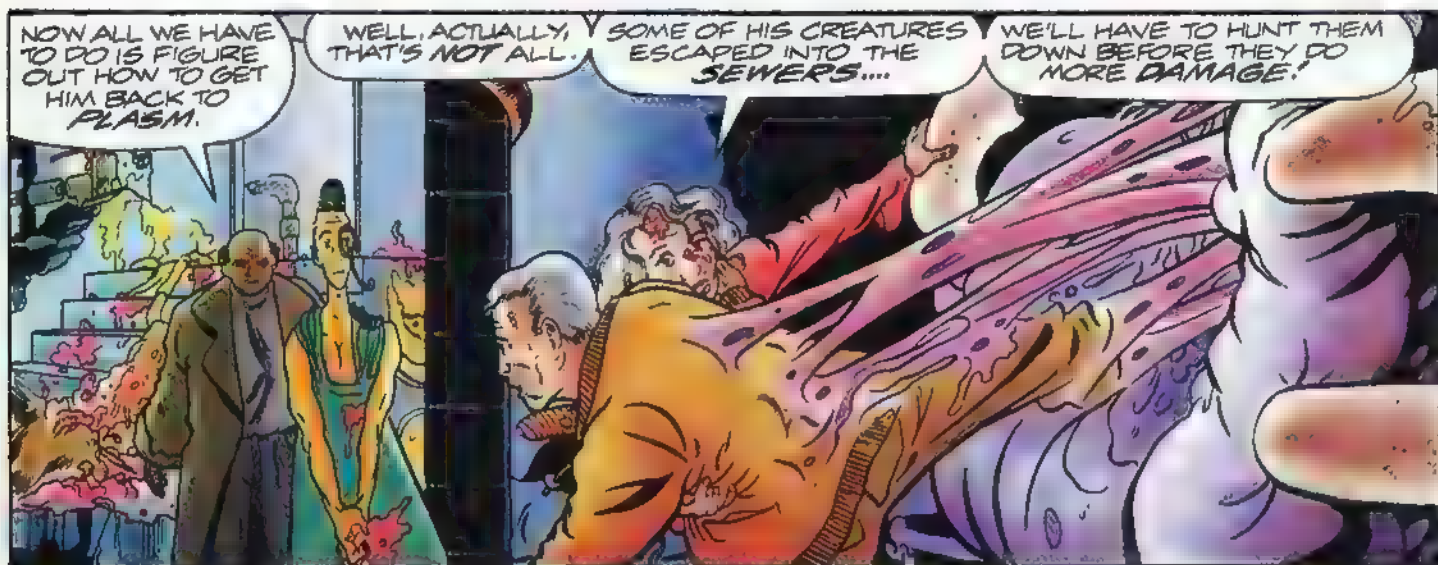
...GIVING ME  
ALL THE LIGHT  
I NEED!

NOW I'M THROUGH  
PLAYING GAMES  
WITH YOU....







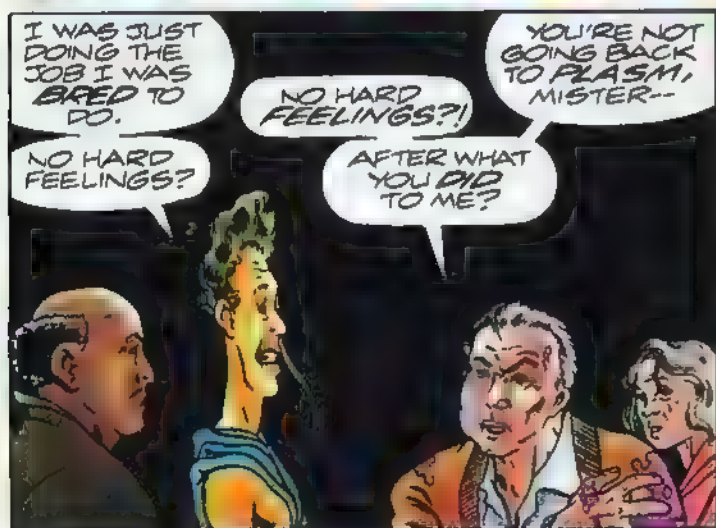


NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET HIM BACK TO PLASM.

WELL, ACTUALLY, THAT'S NOT ALL.

SOME OF HIS CREATURES ESCAPED INTO THE SEWERS....

WE'LL HAVE TO HUNT THEM DOWN BEFORE THEY DO MORE DAMAGE!



I WAS JUST DOING THE JOB I WAS BRED TO DO.

NO HARD FEELINGS?

NO HARD FEELINGS?!

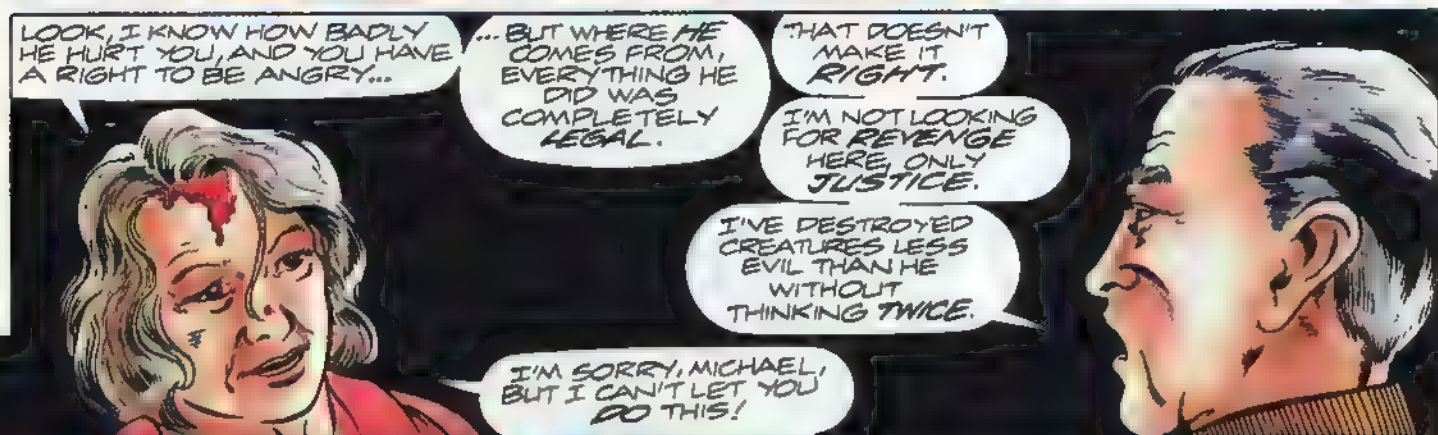
AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO ME?

YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK TO PLASM, MISTER--



--YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO HELL!

MICHAEL-- NO! LET GO OF HIM!



LOOK, I KNOW HOW BADLY HE HURT YOU, AND YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO BE ANGRY...

...BUT WHERE HE COMES FROM, EVERYTHING HE DID WAS COMPLETELY LEGAL.

THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT RIGHT.

I'M NOT LOOKING FOR REVENGE HERE, ONLY JUSTICE.

I'VE DESTROYED CREATURES LESS EVIL THAN HE WITHOUT THINKING TWICE.

I'M SORRY, MICHAEL, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS!



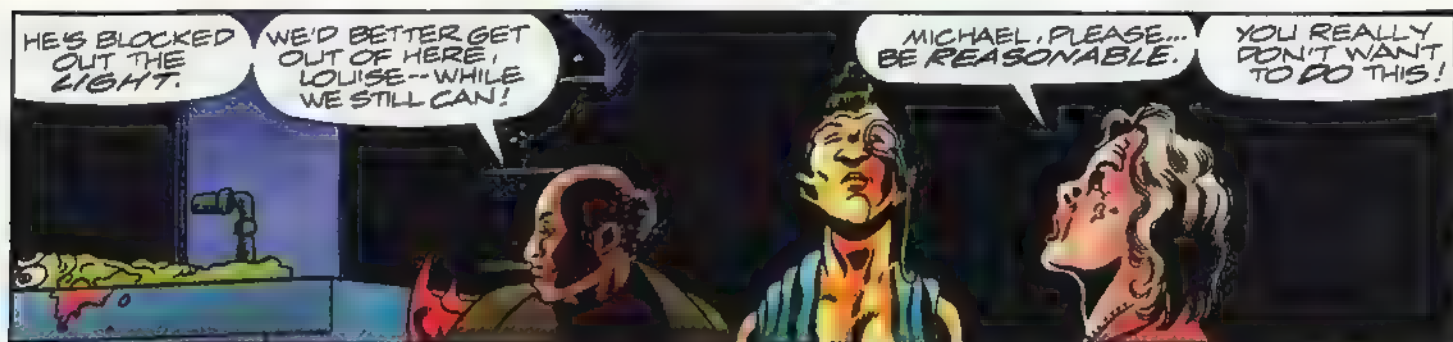
AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME?

WH-- WHERE DID HE GO?

HE'S CROSSED OVER INTO THE SUBSTRATUM, MARTIN...

... "GOING QUANTUM," I THINK HE CALLS IT.





HE'S BLOCKED  
OUT THE  
LIGHT.

WE'D BETTER GET  
OUT OF HERE,  
LOUISE--WHILE  
WE STILL CAN!

MICHAEL, PLEASE...  
BE REASONABLE.

YOU REALLY  
DON'T WANT  
TO DO THIS!

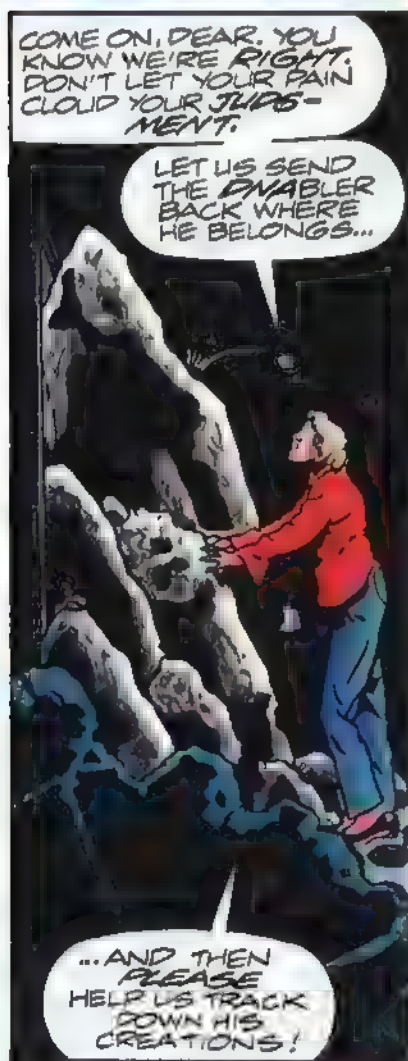


UH-OH! HE'S  
BLOCKED  
OUR ONLY  
EXIT!

HE'S GOING TO  
MULCH ME,  
ISN'T HE?

NOT IF  
WE CAN  
HELP  
IT.

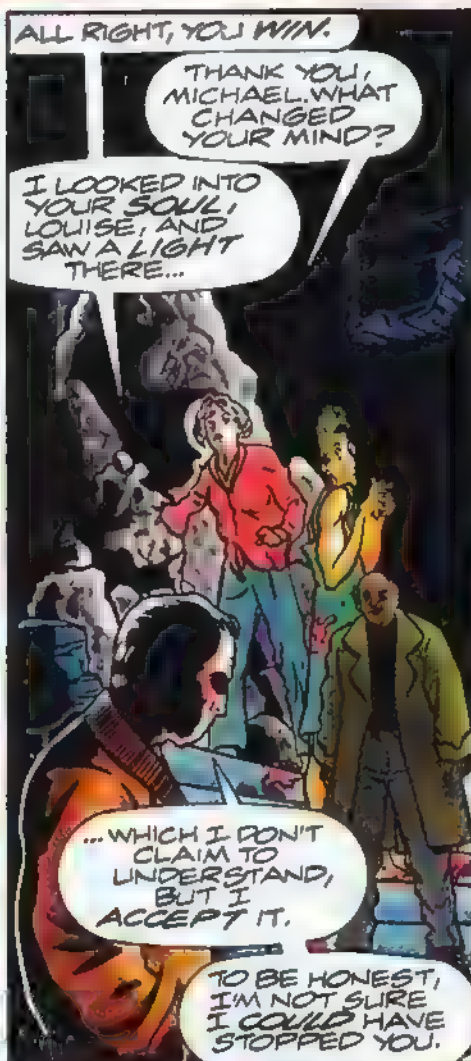
MICHAEL, PLEASE  
COME OUT WHERE  
WE CAN SEE YOU,  
DEAR.



COME ON, DEAR. YOU  
KNOW WE'RE RIGHT.  
DON'T LET YOUR PAIN  
CLOUD YOUR JUDG-  
MENT.

LET US SEND  
THE ENABLER  
BACK WHERE  
HE BELONGS...

...AND THEN  
PLEASE  
HELP US TRACK  
DOWN HIS  
CREATIONS!



ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN.

THANK YOU,  
MICHAEL. WHAT  
CHANGED  
YOUR MIND?

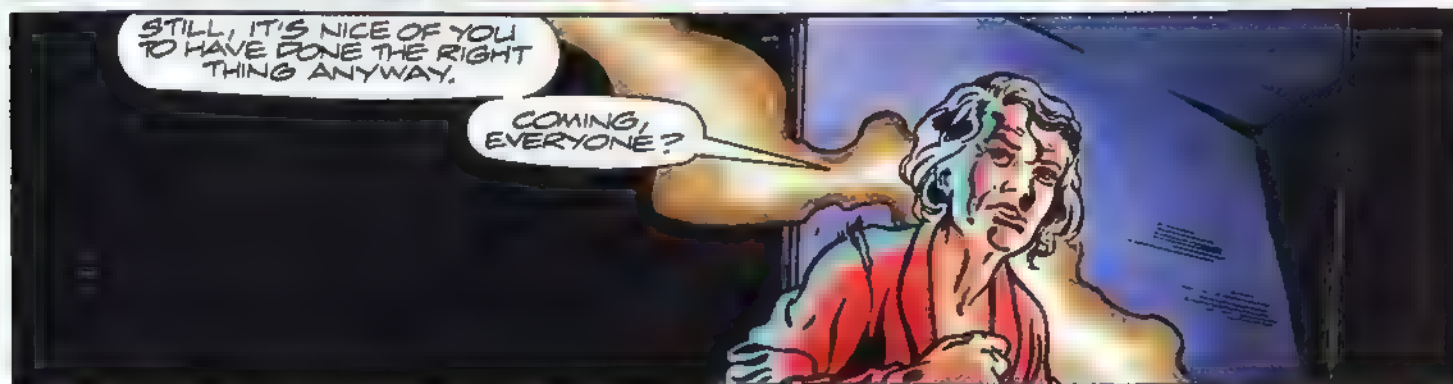
I LOOKED INTO  
YOUR SOUL,  
LOUISE, AND  
SAW A LIGHT  
THERE...

...WHICH I DON'T  
CLAIM TO  
UNDERSTAND,  
BUT I  
ACCEPT IT.

TO BE HONEST,  
I'M NOT SURE  
I COULD HAVE  
STOPPED YOU.



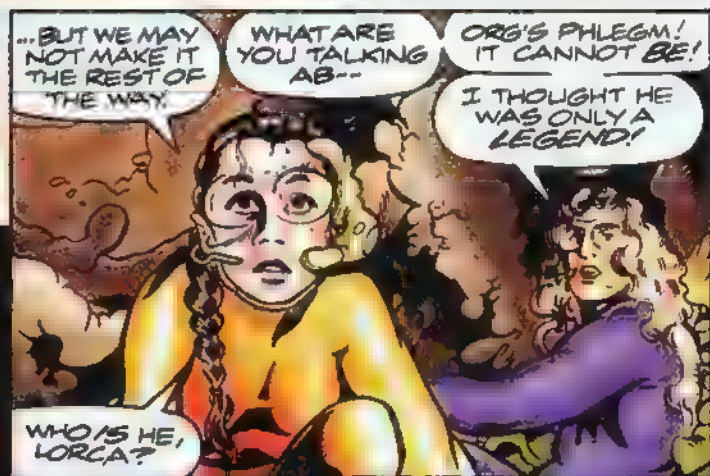
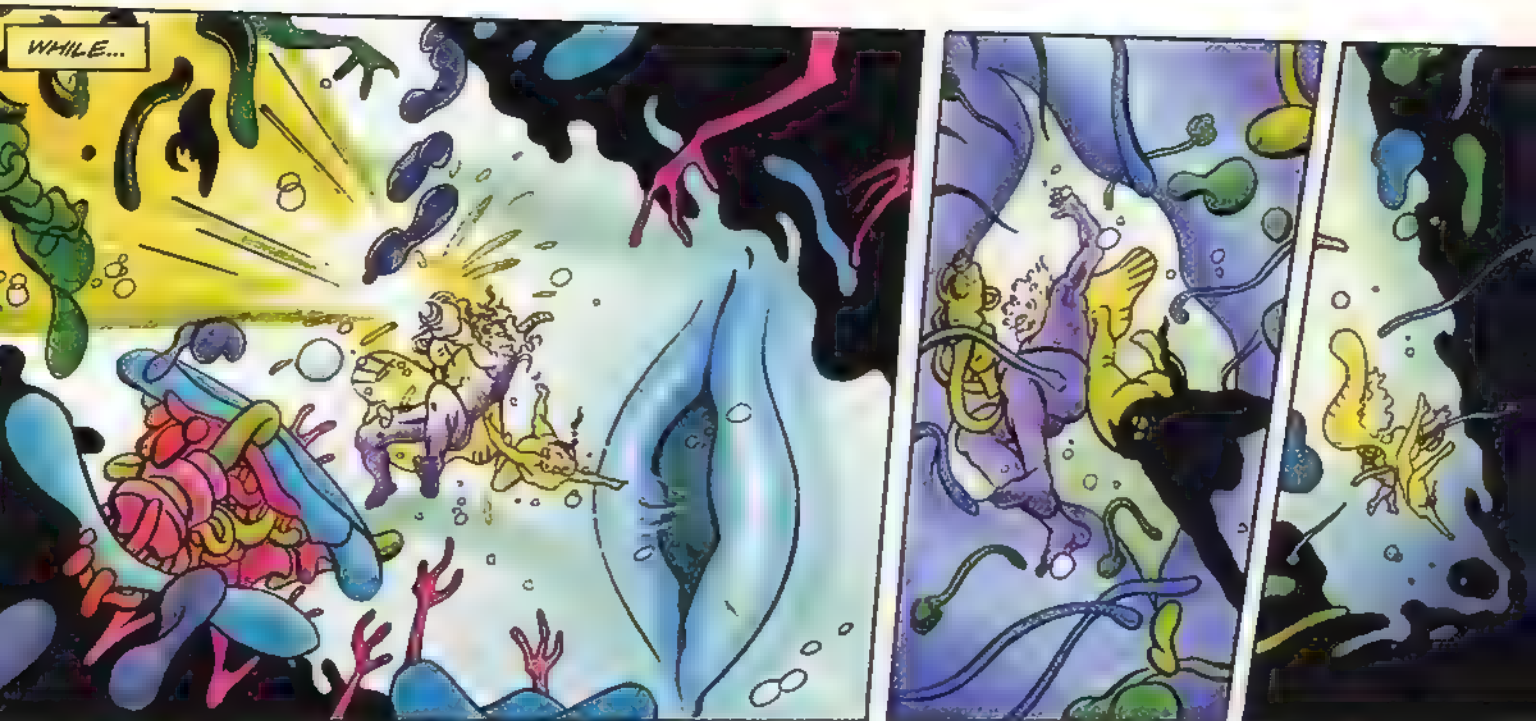
YOU'RE  
PROBABLY  
RIGHT,  
DEAR.



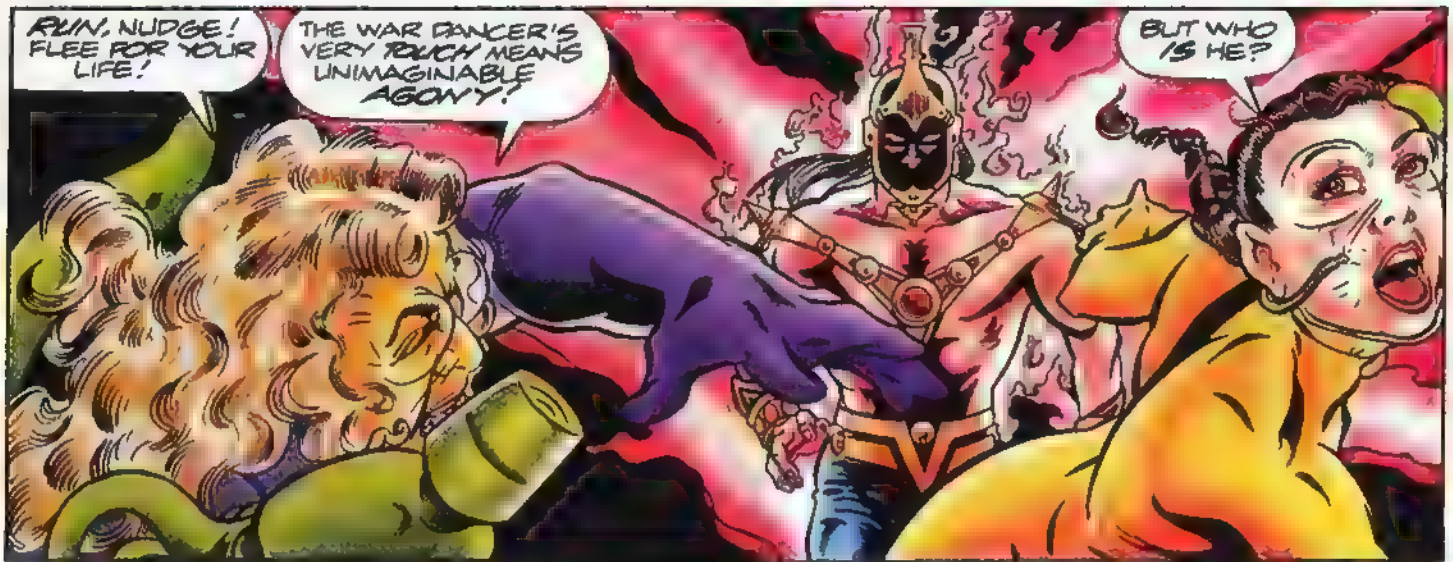
STILL, IT'S NICE OF YOU  
TO HAVE DONE THE RIGHT  
THING ANYWAY.

COMING,  
EVERYONE?









RUN, NUDGE!  
FLEE FOR YOUR  
LIFE!

THE WAR DANCER'S  
VERY TOUCH MEANS  
UNIMAGINABLE  
AGONY!

BUT WHO  
IS HE?



HE'S COME TO HASTEN  
THE DEATH OF THE ORG!

BUT I CAN  
STILL HEAR  
THE ORG--

--IT'S CLINGING  
TO LIFE WITH  
ALL THAT IT  
HAS!



PERHAPS--BUT  
WE MUST FIRST  
MANAGE TO  
SURVIVE.

LORCA, IS THERE  
NOTHING WE CAN  
DO?



LOOK! SOME SORT  
OF OPENING AHEAD...

HEAD FOR IT--  
IT'S OUR  
ONLY  
CHANCE!

BUT WE DON'T  
KNOW WHAT'S  
BEYOND!



IT CAN BE  
NO WORSE  
THAN WHAT'S  
BEHIND!



JUMP,  
NUDGE!

FOR YOUR  
SAKE, FOR  
THE SAKE  
OF THE ORG--  
JUMP!



...OH...



THE SCREAMING  
IS SO LOUD  
HERE, IT'S ALMOST  
INTOLERABLE!

WH-WHERE  
ARE WE?

A PLACE I  
HAVE HEARD  
SPOKEN OF  
ONLY IN  
WHISPERS,  
NUDGE....

IT APPEARS  
WE HAVE FOUND  
THE LIVING  
BRAIN OF  
THE ORG!

WELL, AT LEAST  
THAT WAR DANCER  
GUY DIDN'T  
FOLLOW US  
HERE!

FASCINATING... IT'S SYNAPSES  
SEEM TO STRETCH ON  
FOREVER.

BUT ITS  
PAIN...  
ITS  
PAIN...

DON'T KNOW  
HOW LONG  
I CAN  
TAKE THIS...

THEN TALK  
TO THE ORG,  
NUDGE.... TELL  
IT TO DEFEND  
ITSELF.

CONVINCE  
IT TO  
DESTROY  
THOSE WHO  
SEEK TO  
DESTROY  
US!

NO! I  
CAN'T--

--THAT  
WOULD BE  
MURDER!

NO, CHILD--  
MERELY  
SURVIVAL.

DO IT WHILE  
THERE'S STILL  
TIME.

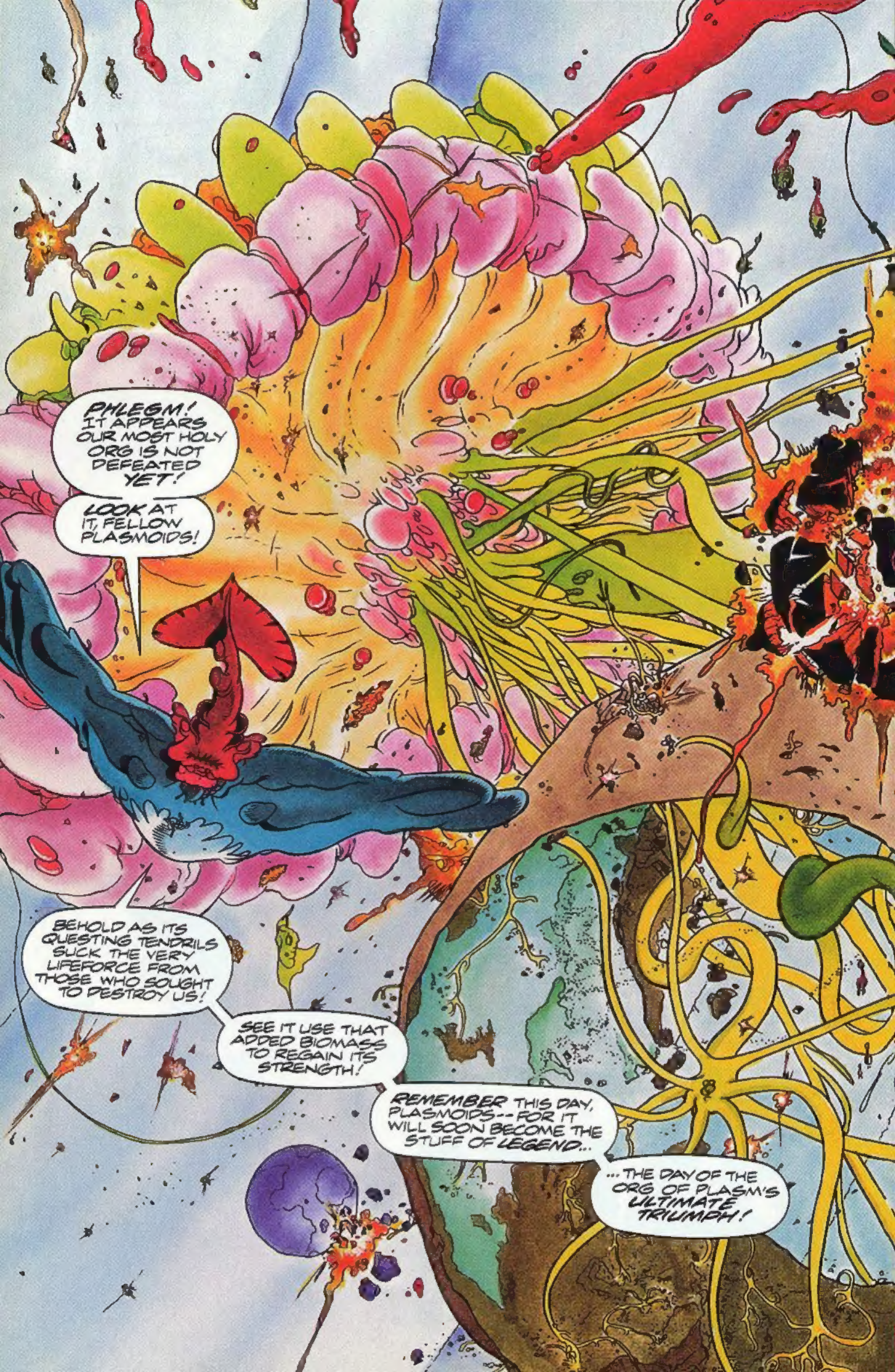
PLEASE...  
FORGIVE  
ME...

HOY! WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
NOW?

THE ORG HAS  
BEGUN TO SWELL,  
TO MOVE...

...AS IF  
ROUSING  
ITSELF FOR  
ONE FINAL,  
HEROIC  
EFFORT!





PHLEGM!  
IT APPEARS  
OUR MOST HOLY  
ORG IS NOT  
DEFEATED  
YET!

LOOK AT  
IT, FELLOW  
PLASMOIDS!

BEHOLD AS ITS  
QUESTING TENDRILS  
SUCK THE VERY  
LIFEFORCE FROM  
THOSE WHO SOUGHT  
TO DESTROY US!

SEE IT USE THAT  
ADDED BIOMASS  
TO REGAIN ITS  
STRENGTH!

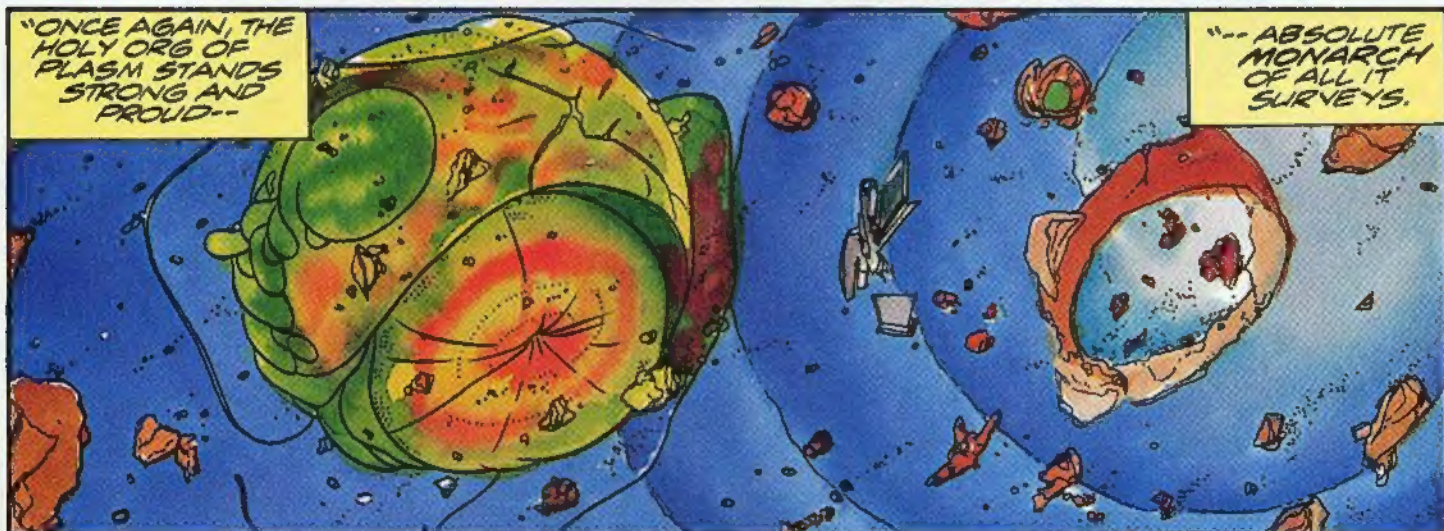
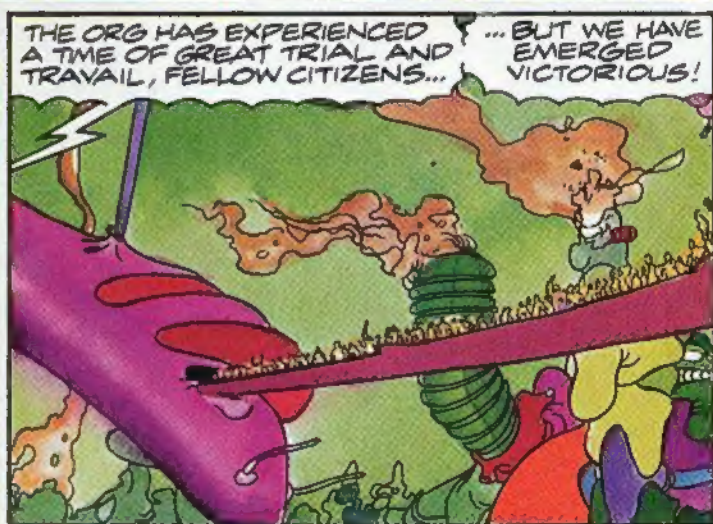
REMEMBER THIS DAY,  
PLASMOIDS-- FOR IT  
WILL SOON BECOME THE  
STUFF OF LEGEND...

...THE DAY OF THE  
ORG OF PLASM'S  
ULTIMATE  
TRIUMPH!







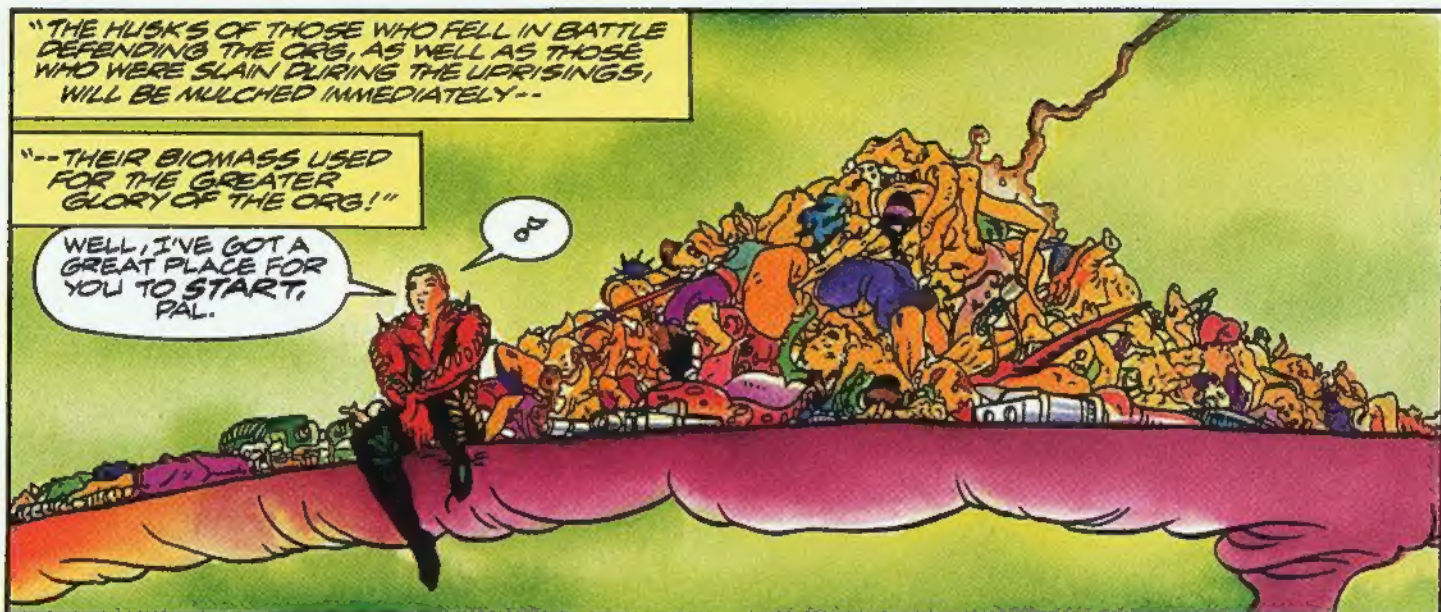




"THE HUSKS OF THOSE WHO FELL IN BATTLE  
DEFENDING THE ORG, AS WELL AS THOSE  
WHO WERE SLAIN DURING THE UPRISINGS,  
WILL BE MULCHED IMMEDIATELY--

"--THEIR BIOMASS USED  
FOR THE GREATER  
GLORY OF THE ORG!"

WELL, I'VE GOT A  
GREAT PLACE FOR  
YOU TO START,  
PAL.



THE WAR AT  
LAST IS OVER,  
FELLOW  
PLASMIDS!

IT IS THE  
DAWN OF  
A NEW  
BEGINNING!

ALL  
HAIL  
THE  
ORG!



WELL, ALL THINGS  
CONSIDERED, I  
THINK THAT WENT  
RATHER WELL.

THE ORG  
RETURNED US TO  
THE SURFACE AT  
YOUR REQUEST  
JUST IN TIME FOR  
ME TO TAKE  
ADVANTAGE OF  
THE SITUATION.

BUT IT STILL  
TALKS TO  
ME, LORCA...  
STILL TELLS  
ME THINGS I'D  
RATHER NOT  
KNOW.

CAN YOU NOT  
SHUT THE  
VOICES OUT,  
CHILD?

DON'T YOU  
THINK I'VE  
TRIED?



I'M SORRY FOR YOUR TROUBLE,  
NUDGE--BUT WE BOTH DID  
WHAT WE HAD TO.

EVEN SPLATTERING  
MYSELF WITH GORE  
BEFORE THE NEWS-  
CAST WAS A  
NECESSARY  
TOUCH.

WHAT DO  
WE DO  
NOW,  
LORCA?



LET'S WORRY  
ABOUT THAT  
TOMORROW,  
NUDGE.

AFTER ALL,  
TOMORROW  
IS ANOTHER  
DAY.

WELL, IF WHAT  
THE VOICES  
SAY IS TRUE--

--I'M NOT  
LOOKING  
FORWARD  
TO IT!

